

GOLD  
KEY

THE JETSONS

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# *The* JETSONS

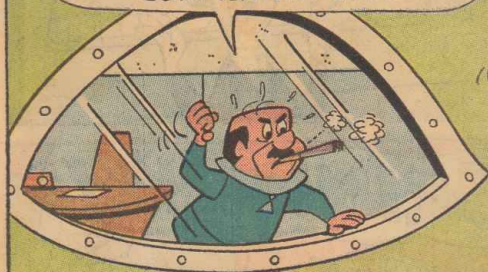
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Hanna-Barbara  
The **JETSONS**

# MISSION TO MARS

THE NERVE OF JETSON, PARADING ABOUT THE PLANT IN THAT SEEDY OLD 20TH CENTURY SUIT!



SPACELY  
SPROCKETS  
COMPANY

**EET!**

THERE'S THE NOON WHISTLE!



HMM...JETSON DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE A LUNCH PAIL!



JETSON...STOP IT!

BUT I'M HUNGRY, SIR!



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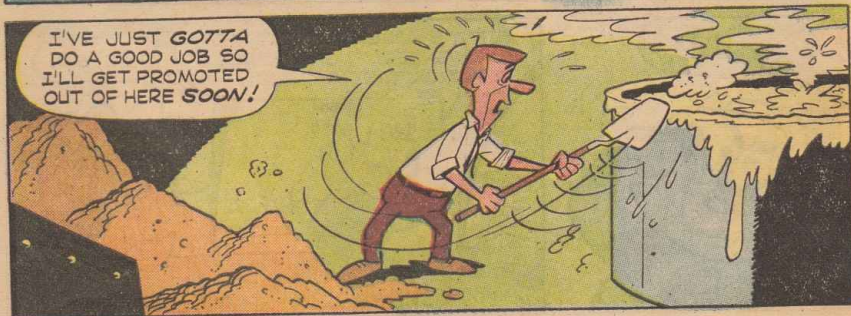
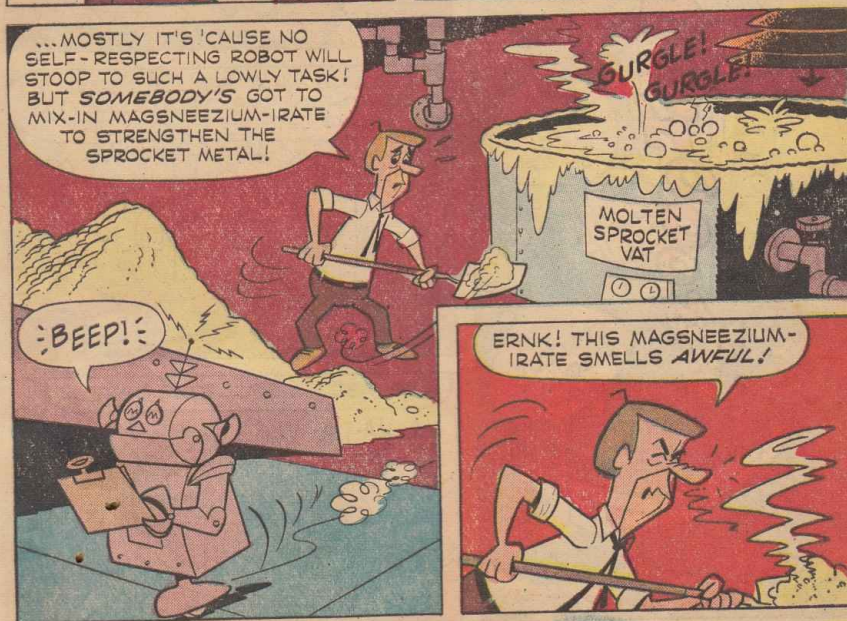
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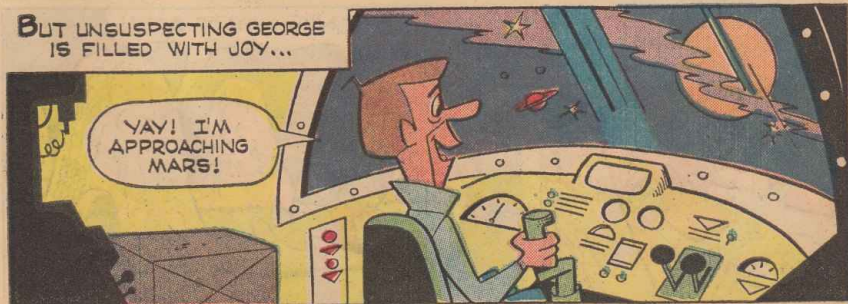




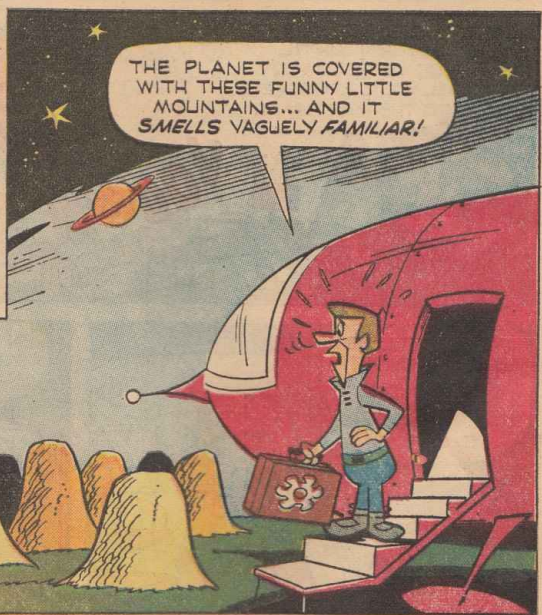




BUT UNSUSPECTING GEORGE IS FILLED WITH JOY...



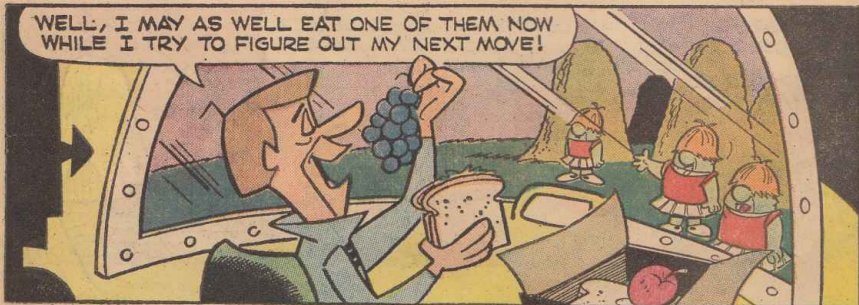
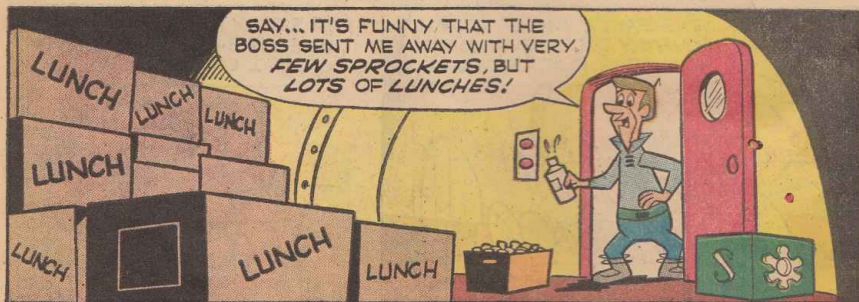
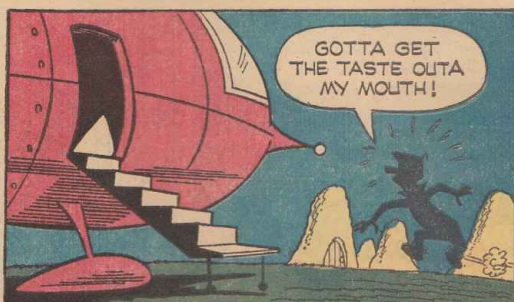




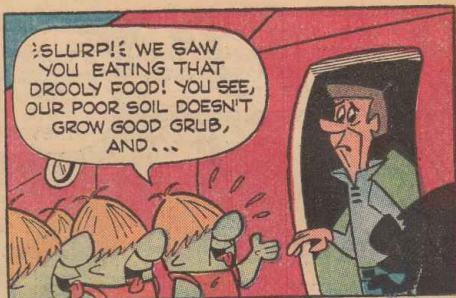
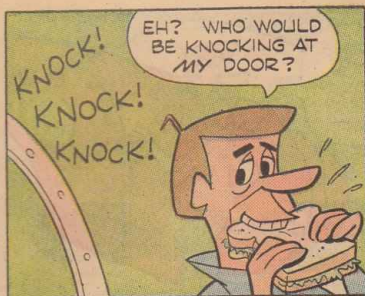








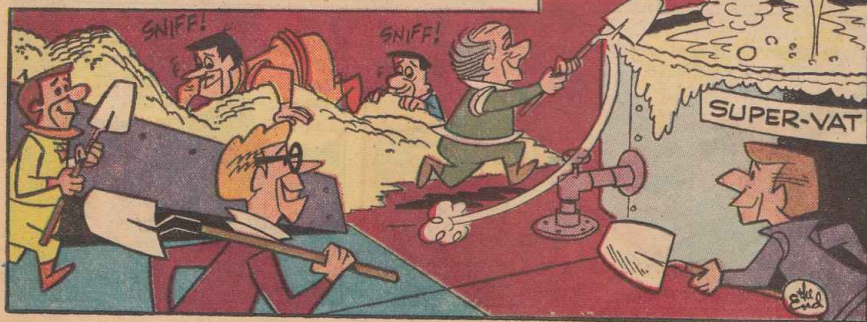
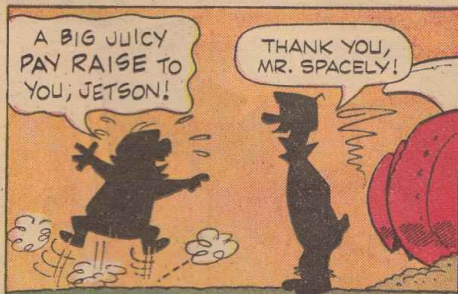
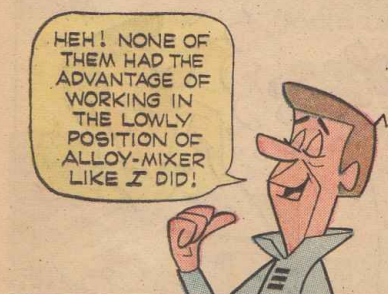
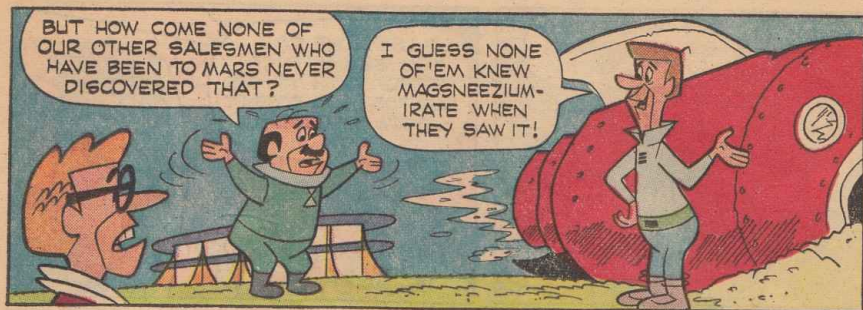




AND SHORTLY, BACK ON EARTH...

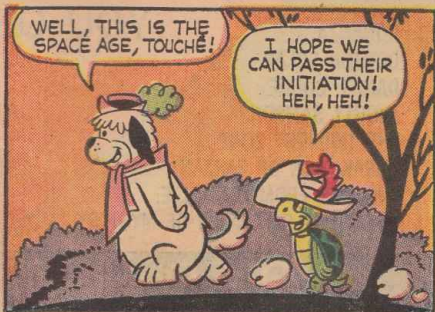








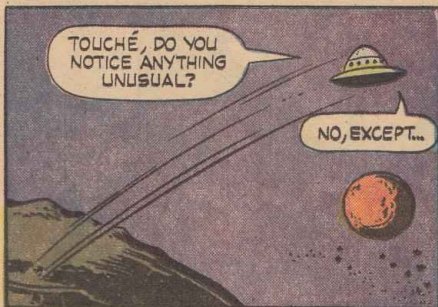
Hanna-Barbera  
**TOUCHÉ**  
 and  
**DUM DUM**  
 The  
**CLUBHOUSE**  
**CAPER**



















J. Evil Scientist came home from his job one night grumpier than usual, and that is pretty grumpy. He even turned down his cup of bat-wing tea, and a kick in the shins from Junior did not cheer him up.

"What's wrong, dear?" asked Goonda. "You didn't have your usual nasty remark for me tonight!"

"Oh, it's my job!" sighed J. Evil, as he slumped in his favorite uncomfortable easy-chair, the one with fishhook upholstery.

Goonda, ever the thoughtful wife, put a pillow of rocks behind his head, as she anxiously said, "But I thought you enjoyed your scientific job at the zoo!"

"Oh, I loved it," answered J. Evil. "I was very happy working with the snakes and the toads and the bats. But today my boss decided to promote me!"

"But that's good, isn't it?" ventured Goonda.

"That's awful!" snapped J. Evil. "What he considers a promotion is a demotion! Now I'm working with all the cute little rabbits and the kind, gentle deer and all the gay, happy songbirds."

"Oh, how perfectly dreadful!" shuddered Goonda. "You poor, poor dear!"

"What can I do?" he moaned loudly.

"Get a new job, dear!" Goonda replied.

"Doing what?" grumped J. Evil, sinking a bit deeper into his chair. "There's nothing for a creep with my weird scientific talents these days. Everything is so highly productive and uplifting."

"Let's look in the want ads," said his wife, picking up the paper. And after a moment she said, "Here's something! Listen!

MAN WANTED TO WRECK BUILDINGS. MUST BE DESTRUCTIVELY INCLINED!"

J. Evil leaped from his chair. "That's for me! Let's see that ad!" he cried.

He raced down to the wrecking company, and it didn't take him long to convince the boss that he was the man for the job.

The next morning, he was put to work operating a big crane which swung a large steel ball from the end of a cable. As he swung the ball it sent walls crashing to the ground, demolishing what were once big old crumbling mansions.

All day he knocked down buildings, and when he got home that night, Goonda was pleased to see how miserably happy he was.

"I've never had so much fun!" J. Evil exclaimed. "At last I've found a job worthy of my scientific destructive talents."

But when he came home the next night it was a different story. He complained that he couldn't stand his job anymore.

"I thought you liked it!" said Goonda.

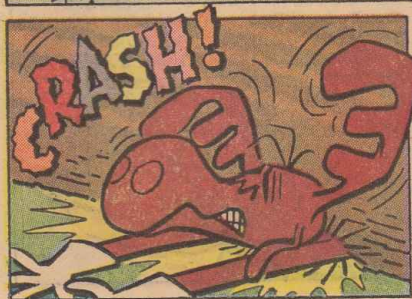
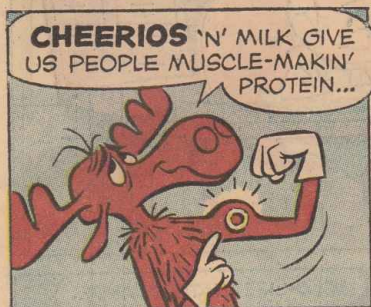
"I still do!" replied J. Evil. "But you know why we're knocking down all those old mansions? So they can build newer and better apartments in their places. Isn't that the most repulsive idea?"

Goonda agreed that it was, but then she said brightly, "I have the answer to that one, dear! Did it ever occur to you that the new buildings will be old ones in about fifty years, and that THEY'LL have to be knocked down, too?"

"You're right!" J. Evil shouted. "I'll stay with the job! After all, what are a few measly fifty years in a long lifetime like ours? Goonda, my love, you've made me so happy I think I'll go down to my laboratory and blow up something!"

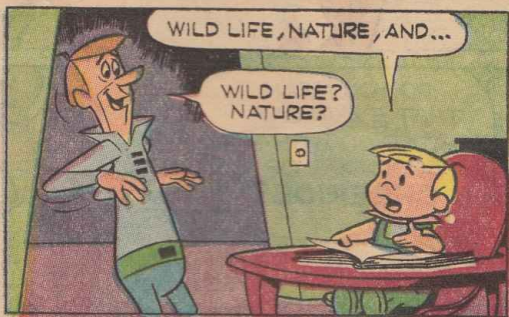
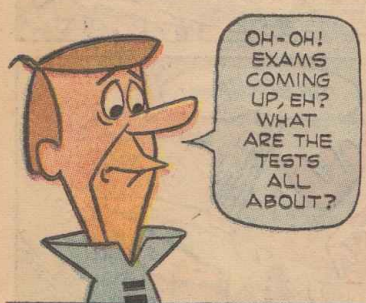








# LEARNING THE HARD WAY







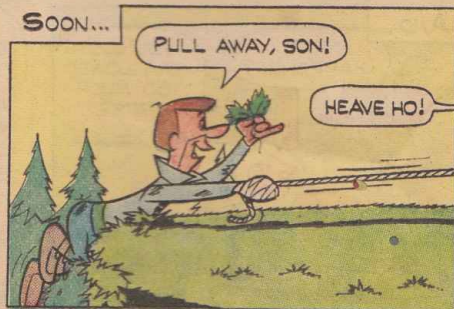
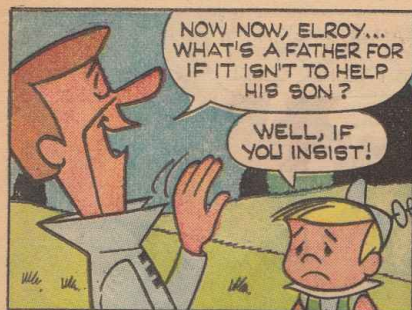




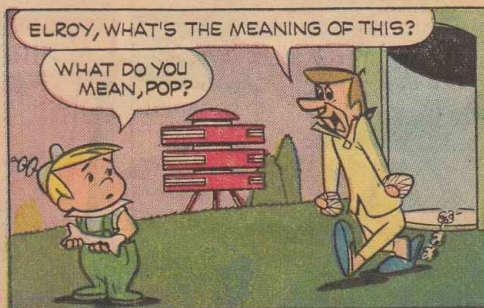














LOOK WHAT I WENT THROUGH THIS MORNING HELPING YOU LEARN ABOUT NATURE AND WILD LIFE...I'M BRUISED, SCRATCHED AND POISONED!



THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS GO UPSTAIRS AND MAKE NOTES ON WHAT YOU LEARNED!

BUT--



I DON'T *HAVE* TO MAKE ANY NOTES! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU, I *KNOW* I CAN PASS THE WILD LIFE AND NATURE TESTS!



BUT- BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT PASSING YOUR TEST!

YES, BUT NOT *THOSE* SUBJECTS!



HERE, POP, EASY DOES IT!

ARE YOU TELLING ME MY SUFFERING WAS ALL IN VAIN?



GEE, NO! WHY, *YOU* HELPED ME ON THE *ONLY* SUBJECT I WAS REALLY WORRIED ABOUT!

I DID?



... AND EVEN DOCTOR SMITH SAID I WOULD PASS THAT SUBJECT EASILY!

NO FOOLING! WHAT SUBJECT IS THAT?



FIRST-AID!

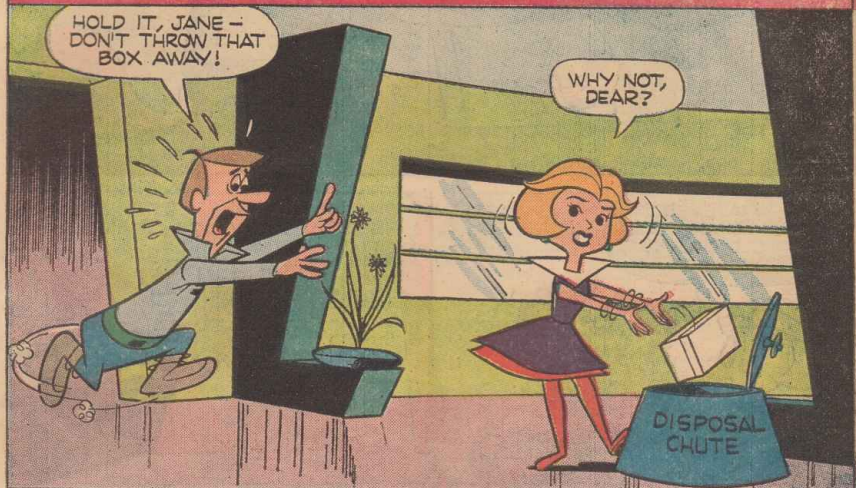
AT LEAST I'M NOT A COMPLETE FAILURE AS A FATHER!



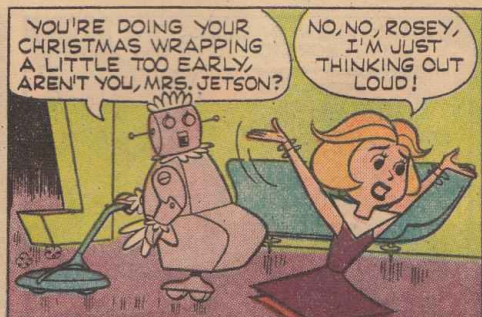
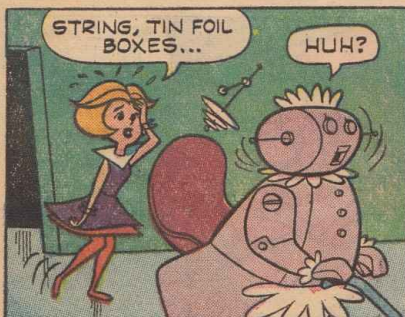


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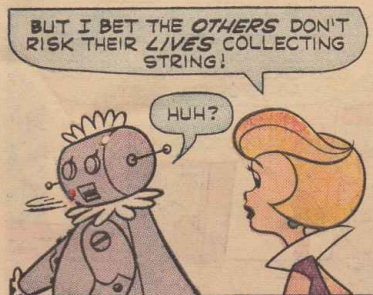
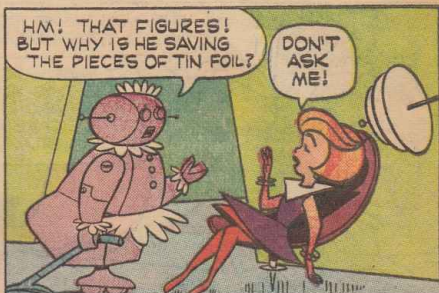
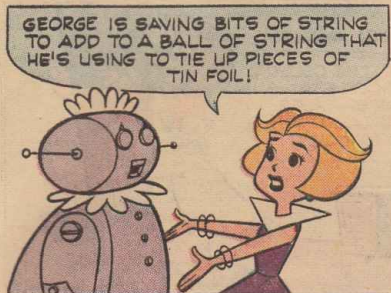
# THE DANGEROUS HABIT



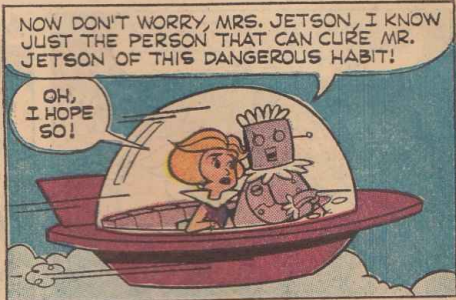
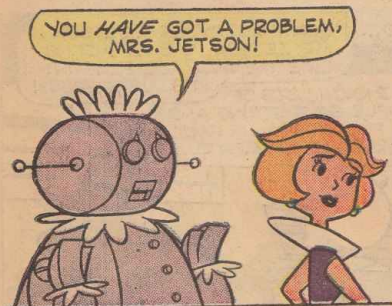
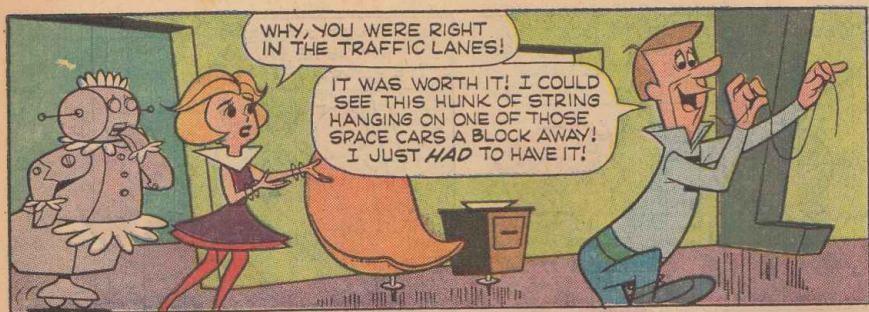














NEXT  
DAY...

